

Let God Choose

Lil Poppa

Oh yeah! Hydro

When the fame start comin', that's when they say I changed on 'em
Well, take it all from me, I don't even want this shit around
When the rain start pourin', that's when they all start runnin'
And they ain't say nothin', they just let a nigga drown

But I just want to thank 'em all, that rain made mud
Guess bein' rich don't mean shit, if you can't spend it with your thugs
Shawty know I ain't tryna hear it, don't tell me shit about my drugs
A heart is somethin' that I fear, baby, I'm all out of love for you
And know it's nothin' left to prove
But you know I'ma take the risk, like I ain't got everything to lose
Cupid better not let off a shot, what I'm inside is bulletproof
Forever young, we can never die, let God do the choosin'

But if he do, I'll just be coolin' with my loved ones in the afterlife
I'm knowin' I'ma be alright
Don't know where he goin', might be his chance, so can't miss the flight
Prayin' he make it back, but if don't he still packin' light
Out of mind, out of sight
Don't hit my line, it ain't 'bout no money
If it's worth dyin', come take it from me then
That bitch ain't mine, and I ain't paid for this ass she shakin' for me
If it weren't for all this love for me, I wouldn't go on stage, fuck it
Know I tell 'em cut the cameras, why all this shit feel staged or somethin'?
Would ask you to help me count it, but you'll probably take you somethin'
On the road to Alabama, couple hours from Atlanta
Want to go home to Jacksonville, but I can't let them collect the bounty on me

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Why you come 'round, if you ain't have plans on stayin' down?
Get the fuck on, the trust gone it can't be found again
Shit'll never be the same, my feelings with my niggas in the ground
Anytime you think about it, burn down the town for them

Higher than Venus, flawless tennis chain, it cost me racks
Step with a purpose like Bobby Shmurda, my niggas catchin' hats
Put down them adderalls, we sober up and come subtract
They think Cortez got scoliosis, how he double back
Ah, can't buy the bitch no ring, we stick her to the Drury Inn
She always ventin' to me, I think her last name Wynn
Palm Angels on my back, it's hard to comprehend
When them devils talkin'
I'm in Christian Louboutins, got killers in the church again
Backseat of that Rolls Royce, I been crushin' pills on leather pants
You know that I'm sufferin', I'm waitin' for you to call
All winter, spring and summer, niggas wait on me to Fall
I'm in the field, I'm rockin' Helmut Lang, you understand me?
I bought a Nina, put a dick on it, this bitch a tranny
Monkey nuts and banana clips, the life of Caesar
It was times I was at my lowest, dawg, I felt like Peter

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